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THE FANATICK RAMPANT OR AN ELECTION AT CAMBRIDGE.

ONE day I heard a zealous shout 1679.
I then lookt up and loe the rout
of Saints were come to town.
Who by their Hats right gravely set.
And Collar-bands I guess were met
to cry the Bishops down.

But see how grosly I did err.
For they came only to prepare
against that Godly bustle.
And therefore did most fervently
With carnal Throats extended cry,
a *Russel*, yea, a *Russel*.

Some cry'd a *Russel*, some again
Mistook the Name and cry'd *Amen*,
some with erected fist
Cry'd O, we find by Revelation
That this is he must heal the Nation
and hamstring Antichrist.

At length there comes me a Freeholder
With head inclin'd to the left shouder
and Circumcised hair. (vel
VVho with his snout all wet with sni-
and looks enough to scare a Devil
Did thus begin his Prayer.

Lord, if thou dos't thy Saints regard
Look on the keepers of thy Heard
Even on thy chosen *Russel*.
See but what honour we have done him
And then, thou needs must powre upon
Thy blessings by the Bushel. (him

Thy tender flock (Lord) hel'e not pound
but doth regard the Poor.
Lord he hath done more for my Wife
Than er'e I did in all my life,
O blessed Senator.

Do thou in time his Worship bring
To be, to be, a Lordish thing:
as was his noble Kin. ——
Thou seest how he alone doth stand,
And hates the great ones of the Land.
O well doth he begin.

Then give him grace Lord not to cease
Till he hath broke the Cord of Peace,
That Girdle of the VVhore.
That we again may see that day.
In which we all may preach and pray.
and then il'e ask no more.

With that I spy'd an Image fair
High mounted in his stately Chair.
I think to mock the Pope.
Down Brethren, to the Gallowes gang.
Said I, he shall not burn but hang
though I pay for the Rope.